



ORDER OF ACCURATE TYPISTS



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In which also is included

“As It Was in the Beginning”

the matter written by J. N. Kimball
for the International Typewriting
Contests, held at the Annual
Business Show in New
York, October 25th
1915

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COMPLIMENTS OF
UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Underwood Building
New York City



MISS MARGARET B. OWEN
For the Second Time World's Champion Typist
Record on an UNDERWOOD
136 net words a minute for one hour

To all Typists—Greeting

With the introduction of the Underwood typewriter began a new era in typewriting efficiency. The responsive touch and perfect alignment of the machine, combined with the visible page, made it easier for the typist, with the result that he was able to do more work in a given time, and to do it better.

For a time rival manufacturers tried to disparage the greater effectiveness of the Underwood for all sorts of work by saying that it lacked the speed of the blind typewriters. This argument was disposed of for good and all when the officials of the Business Show started the Annual Contest for the World's Typewriting Championship. From the start the Underwood took first place and this position it has maintained every year in spite of the keenest competition for the coveted Thousand Dollar Silver Trophy.

In this booklet is reprinted the matter used in the contest for the 1915 World's Typewriting Championship. It was from this matter that Miss Margaret B. Owen on an Underwood typewriter wrote at the rate of 136 words a minute, net, for one hour, thereby winning the Silver Trophy and the title of World's Champion. An examination of Miss Owen's papers written at this tremendous speed discloses the fact that one of her pages was absolutely without an error. Her Underwood responded to every touch of her swiftly moving fingers. The few errors she made during the hour were due entirely to the human element, to the strain of the contest, or to a momentary hesitation on the

part of the typist. In her preparatory work for the contest, Miss Owen, as well as all the other Underwood operators, wrote page after page at high speed without an error.

Accuracy is the keynote of the preparation of all the great typists. It is the foundation-stone on which all high speed in typewriting rests. The typist who wishes to become a high speed operator must first lay this foundation-stone of accuracy—absolute, unfailing accuracy—accuracy that comes at his command and stays with him from start to finish. Such accuracy gives the typist a sense of power, a feeling of mastery, which makes his practice work a pleasure. To the typist working under such an inspiration the acquirement of speed is no longer a secret. It is simply the result of steady, daily practice on his faithful Underwood which responds with lightning rapidity to all the impulses of his ever quickening fingers.

The Order of Accurate Typists

To encourage Underwood students, teachers, and typists generally to strive for the very highest degree of accuracy and speed in typewriting of which they are capable, the Underwood Typewriter Company announces the establishment, through its Credential Department, of the Order of Accurate Typists. The organization of this Order will provide an inner circle for typists. It will be the meeting place of the employer who pays the highest remuneration and the typist who brings the greatest degree of efficiency to the service of the one by whom he is employed.

With his certificate of membership in the Order of Accurate Typists each member will receive the emblem of the Order which may be worn as a mark of fraternity and efficiency.

Practice material will be forwarded from time to time so that all members may continue to improve in speed while maintaining the high standard of absolute accuracy. To all members who avail themselves of the opportunities offered for improving their efficiency and who attain higher degrees of speed with absolute accuracy, will be presented beautiful emblems of the Order indicating the degree of speed attained.

When five hundred members have been enrolled a series of competitions will be arranged to which only members of the Order will be eligible. Valuable prizes will be awarded to the winners of these competitions. Full details of the competitions will be announced when the required number of members have been enrolled.

Conditions of Membership

The candidate must first secure our Special Credential Certificate by writing on the Underwood at a speed of sixty or more words a minute, net, for ten minutes. Examinations for this certificate will be held once a month at all branch offices of the Underwood Typewriter Company. Examinations may also be held at all Schools and Colleges where the Underwood Credential Typewriting Tests are used in connection with the Underwood typewriter for instruction purposes.

To each winner of the Special Credential Certificate will be forwarded a printed application form for membership in the Order of Accurate Typists together with a test containing matter to be used by him for practice purposes until he is able to write from it for a period of ten minutes not less than six hundred words **WITH ABSOLUTE ACCURACY**. When the candidate succeeds in doing this, he should fill out the application form and

forward it, together with his perfect copy to the Credential Department of the Underwood Typewriter Company at New York. All perfect papers will be placed on file in the Credential Department and the successful candidate will be granted a certificate making him a life member of the Order of Accurate Typists with all the privileges and emoluments to be derived therefrom.

Open to All Typists

Membership in the Order of Accurate Typists is open to all teachers engaged in giving instruction on the Underwood, to all students receiving instruction on the Underwood in Schools and Colleges, and to all typists using the Underwood in their daily work.

To Employers

The wearing of the emblem of the Order of Accurate Typists, or any Degree thereof, by one of your typists will indicate that you have in your employ one of those rare spirits in whom the spark of enthusiasm has not slumbered. Watch the emblem and see it change to one of a higher degree, and note the increased efficiency of the typist. When you desire to add to the number of your employees, insist upon securing only those who belong to the Order of Accurate Typists.

As It Was In The Beginning

J. N. KIMBALL

“As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, amen.” Why the words seemed to cling to my ear I do not know; the rest of the sermon had come to me in a dim sort of way and though I heard every word of it, I have to own if I had not been asleep I had been so near it as to be on the border of that land where all things are vague and shadowy and **nothing** is real.

It was the end of July and the day was hot; not with the close and humid warmth of the great city where furnaces of stone hold the heat until far into the night and send forth fiery needles hot as the breath of the desert, to be wafted to and fro by every trifling motion of the air. It was not like that, for it is never like that in the country, the air was warm but dry and on that Sunday as it came in through the open window every tiny puff was laden with the odor of pine and fir, of wild rose and violet and all those other subtle perfumes of the wood which though they have no names are good to the nostrils. Instead of the clank of the trolley, the

honk of the auto and the dull monotone which in the city is never absent day or night, the air was full of the melody of nature, of the rhythm of the little brook as it rippled and danced over its pebbly bed just outside the door, the low hum of the bees as they stole the sweets from the clover blossoms and the songs of the birds which year after year built their nests and raised their young in the trees that hung over the moss-covered stones which marked the spot where for more than a century men and women and little children too, had one by one passed through the door of that church for the last time, to lie down in that dreamless sleep which will know no waking until the last great trump shall sound and the heavens be rolled together as a scroll. It was a place of rest and peace; the work in the hay field was done and the farmers for many miles about had come, as was their wont, to worship God in their appointed place and in their own way on this, the holy day. Back of the church the horses were tied in the shade of the trees or stood in a row under the shed eating their noon-day meal from the trough which ran along the back. They were taking a well-earned rest and each as he took a mouthful of oats would turn to his neighbor and in horse talk, no doubt, tell something of the gossip of the week which had just passed. The tinkle of the chains and the rattle of the shafts came to me through the window to mingle with the other sounds; it was all music and it soothed me and made me sleepy.

High up in the pulpit Parson Goodman talked to his flock; his was no effort at pleasing oratory, no deep and

studied social scheme, no political outburst; he told only of the great love of the Father for his children and the pitiless cruelty of man to his kind. I did not listen but I heard it all; it came to me as one hears sounds from a long way off and the words were mingled with the flute-like note of the wood thrush as he piped his joy of living from the top of the tallest pine in the very heart of the forest. But I could not repress a smile as I thought how little that good man perched up there in that high pulpit could know of the doings of the great world outside; how little he and his flock could be stirred by the passions which have their origin in the pride of riches or in the sting of poverty. It was a good sermon, all the same, and told in homely phrase the story of the strife and struggle of this life, of the mad rush for power and wealth, the sorrows and trials of this world and eternal joy and peace of the world that is to come. At last he shut the heavy book before him with a thud that echoed through the church and the sermon came to an end with the words I have quoted: "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, amen."

There are people who pride themselves on the fact that they never take a day off and who on every week day of the year open their office doors on the minute in the morning, go through the day as if by program and turn the key in the door at night with just enough leeway in the matter of time to catch the five-thirty. Every day is like every other day and what is more they take pride in it. I knew one of that sort who left a

clause in his will to the effect that the stone over his last resting place should bear the words "Here lies one who takes his first vacation," but some fellow with more sense and less sentiment came along and wrote beneath it "and he is likely to be gone a long time."

That is not my way. I like work well enough but am not in love with it to such a degree as to make a martyr of myself and if there are any days off to be had I prefer taking them while I am alive and not wait until I am dead when, for all I know, I may have other things to attend to. I like now and then to get away from the crowd; not that I do not love my fellow man; on the contrary I rather like to think of him roasting and sweltering in the city while I lie on my back under a shady tree and hear no sound but the whirr of some distant mowing-machine and no scent comes to my nostrils but that of the new-mown hay. In fact, although I cannot tell the reason, I like the out-of-doors, all-by-myself way and to get it I take a vacation; that is how I happened to be in the little country church on that midsummer Sabbath.

I had taken a few days away from the office for a fishing trip and was to have my first try at the trout the next morning. It was no new thing for I have fished always, or so much of always as I have lived, and can remember to have done it long before I got to the dignity of my first trousers. And I have caught about all the kinds of fish there are, or tried to catch them, from the tiny minnow up, with the exception of whales; I never caught a whale although I caught, and no doubt

well deserved, a good many whalings when I was a lad. I have read stacks of books on the subject with but little benefit to myself, I must confess and I have wasted a good deal of time standing with my nose glued to the plate glass window of some sporting goods house, trying to study out what the things I saw were for; very few of them would appeal to me if I were a fish and so I have never bought nor tried any of them but have always hitched my wagon to the star that has been my one best bet in the years wherein I have fished at all, a line, a hook and worms.

The first thing you have to do when you set out to go fishing is to get your bait, or to speak by the card to dig your bait for that is what you do, you dig for it. You take your shovel and go out back of the house where the water runs from the sink drain and you spend your time hunting for things which you never hunt for under any other circumstances, and those things are worms. I never do it without something of a blush mantling my fair brow for I always think what my friends would have to say if they could see a man of parts, such as some of them take me for who do not know me very well, out digging in the ground for just worms, not fancy worms mind you, but plain, every-day worms, such as no man in his five senses would deem worthy of his notice. And before you get them you have to hunt up an old tin can to put them in, unless you put on a good deal of style and buy a fancy bait box; when I was a lad and took my first lesson in trout fishing there was no such thing to be had, no patent worm box I mean, and I had to follow

the old custom and hunt up an empty tin can and bore holes in the cover to let in the air. I never could see why a worm, a creature that burrows ten feet more or less deep in the bowels of the earth, had to have holes punched in the top of that tin can for his special benefit, but that is what I was taught to do and that is the thing I have always done and shall do to the end of the chapter. As for the reason, I will make note of it and write to some man of science by and by and maybe I can learn more about it.

The digging of those worms is back-breaking labor and a good many people do it by deputy if there is a small boy on the place. There is only one trouble about the deputy style of getting your bait and it is that after you have paid the boy a dime and got the thing off your mind he may come back in half an hour and report that he "can't find no worms" and you are ten cents out and no worms in, and have to go at it for yourself. This would seem a good place to put in something solid in the way of a moral and as it is my habit to stick in good advice when there is a chance I will do so now; I learned it digging after worms and other things. If you want anything real badly and do not want to take any chances, if you must have it and will not be happy until you get it, it is wise to go after it yourself and not hire somebody to get it for you. To my mind that advice is worth the price of this book even if you get nothing else out of it.

But I must go back to the worms and they say we will all go back to them some time or other which is a thing

not pleasant to think about to say the least. If you are going after trout you must have worms and when you have a can full of them, big, juicy ones, long and fat, a good share of your troubles are over and you stow them up on a beam in the shed where it is cool and can go to bed and rest easily until morning. The reason you stow them up on a beam is, or rather the reason why I do it is, that they are safer there. I once dug for three whole hours and after I had made a hole in the back garden as big as the cellar on a city lot I found I had a fair supply of worms and a good deal bigger supply of lumbago, then I put the worms out on the porch and went into the house to hunt up the liniment. In the morning as soon as I could get the crook out of my back and the creak out of my legs I went out to look after those worms but I was too late; the hens had been out looking after worms too, and they had taken a leaf out of the book of old Polonius and got in the first blow so they had better luck than I did. After the horse was stolen I locked the door of the stable of course, and ever since that time I have put my worms up on a beam in the shed where the hens could not get them. They say that riches are apt to take wings and fly away and you will note that the same can be said of worms and some other things.

So far as fishing is concerned bait is the *sine qua non*, which is Latin and means if you do not have one thing you cannot get something else and I put it in to add tone to my essay for I have noticed that all the other good authors when writing essays always quote from foreign

tongues; it is not at all difficult for you do not have to know those tongues as you can always find something to fit the case in the back of the dictionary. After you have a good supply of this same **sine qua non**, which is to say after you have dug your worms, you can turn your attention to your tackle. On the trip of which I write I took all my tackle with me but as a rule I have to hunt for it every spring when I want to use it and if your habits of order are anything like my own you will find the getting together of that tackle to be a serious affair; your reel will be in a trunk away up in the attic, your lines on the top shelf in the pantry and your pole "out in the barn somewhere."

And then there are your flies. I have said a good deal about worms as bait because I put my trust in them but if you are a real, by-the-book angler you must have flies in your outfit as well, not real flies, praised be the saints, for I do not think I should look very dignified going about the house trying to catch flies. I had much rather get one of those flappers they have nowadays and swat them good and hard but of course a swat fly would not be good for anything as bait and, as I say, that is not the kind of flies I refer to; I mean the little pieces of feathers tied on hooks, such as you can buy by the dozen at the store in all sizes and colors or you can make them yourself if you choose and save money by it, but in either case they look about as much like a real fly as an ox-cart looks like an auto. It is said that the brook trout is the most wary thing alive, that he can see things that are not there, and hear things without any ears, and I am

willing to believe he can do all this, but if I were a fish and fool enough to try to make a meal out of some of the things which are in my fly book I would not find fault with any other fish who should tap the top of his head with his left fin and remark that there was nobody home and that I was a fit subject for a tank in the Aquarium. This is the one thing about a trout that I never could get the hang of but it may be that having been born and bred in the country he is not up to the ways of the city chap and is just as apt as not to take a chance on a gold brick. When I go angling after trout I always take my fly book of course, so that if I meet any other regular angler I can sit down in the shade and swap lies with him and show him what flies are best for that particular brook or day; it raises a man in the estimation of the craft if he is able to do this and if one has flies in his book that the other chap has not got, as likely as not he can swap one of them for a good cigar and make a profit by the trade. So as I say if I go angling I take my fly book along but if I only go **fishing** I leave it at home and put my faith in the lowly worm, the wiggley, juicy worm, the worm that lives near the sink drain.

This essay tells the story of only one journey after fish as otherwise it would have to be a book rather than an essay. I hired a guide for it is not pleasant to go fishing all by one's self and then again I did not know the country and might get lost, while he was a native and to the manner born and knew the ground. He was a good deal younger than I and as slim as I am myself

he could boast of the advantage over me in that respect. When I caught sight of him for the first time I could not help thinking how much he looked like one of the clothes pins my mother used when I was a lad which were nothing more than head and legs and mostly legs; my guide was built just that way. He was over six feet long from his heels to his hair and when the sun was shining he cast a shadow like a hat pin, and when he walked he had a stride which was something to marvel at as I found out later to my cost. He was not much given to clothes—shoes, overalls, jumper and hat being the extent of his wardrobe so far as it was in view. I got an idea that he had a distaste for wearing apparel in general from the fact that when I spread my outfit before him and tried to tell him what good things my boots and other things were he only grunted and said “maybe.” Then I tried to break through the crust of his reserve by showing him my rod and reel and lines and hooks and asking him about his own outfit but he only pulled out of his pocket a bit of twine and a few hooks and said he would “cut a pole when we got to the woods.” I did not say anything for I did not want to hurt his feelings or discourage him in any way, but I could not help thinking that if any fish were to be caught next day I knew pretty well who would have to catch them. I dug our worms that Sunday after I got back from church and put part of them in his box, then he said he would go over to the hotel and see if he could get some more bait. I did not see why we should need any more and told him so, but he only grinned and

started off for the hotel. He did not come back again until after supper and I forgot to ask him about it but I guess he did not get any as he did not offer to share with me as he no doubt would have done if he had. We laid out the plans for the trip that night; he said he knew of a brook that was not fished to death and that we would get up at three in the morning and walk to the head of that brook, that it was only seven or eight miles and then we could fish down stream and when night came we would be only about four miles from home, over the other side of the mountain. I asked him if he did not know of a brook further off, say ten or fifteen miles and over two mountains, so we would be able to get in more foot work in going to it and coming from it, but he insisted that the stream of which he spoke would be best and added that if I felt the need of more exercise when the sun went down I could go back to the head of the brook and come home from that end. I gave in, not because I wanted to but because he was a stranger to me and to argue with a stranger and especially with one who put on airs and knew it all would be unseemly; I had my own ideas about the matter but I kept them to myself. I had come up from the city for two reasons; to get a lot of out-of-door exercise and also to get a lot of fish, and I wanted to combine the two, so I was vexed but I knew I could get the better of him if he started in to play any low-down country tricks on me as I had a pedometer with me and proposed to carry it and to get all that was coming to me in the way of exercise.

When you fish for trout the better way is to fish down

stream and not only that but you should get right into the brook and wade; in fact that is about the only way you can get on at all, for the underbrush is usually so thick on the banks of a good brook that you could not break through it with a steam roller, so if you do not want to wet your feet you wear rubber boots with long legs to them, legs which go clear up to your waist and are tied to a belt around your body. I had such a pair in my suitcase and they took up so much room I had to carry the rest of my outfit in a bundle. I did not weigh those boots but the porter on the train said he judged I was a drummer for a brick yard and had all the stock of the concern with me; they were the things which gave weight to the trip as it were. And here is a thing which has always puzzled me. I know I lost ten pounds of honest flesh during the day I write of and why should not those boots have lost their share of it? But they did not, in fact it is my honest opinion they took on as much as I put off and were about twice as heavy at the end of the day as they were in the morning.

It was late that night when I retired for my guide and I talked and planned until about midnight. I laid all of my outfit on a chair, blew out the light and got into bed and had just turned over to get into a more comfortable position when there was an awful banging on the door and thinking the place to be on fire I got up and opened it. There stood my guide clothed from head to foot and red in the face as he said from his efforts in trying to wake me. I told him that I had not been asleep at all and had not been in bed more than

three minutes but he did not seem to hear me and kept right on talking; he said it was half-past three and that we ought to have been off an hour ago. I have lost a good many things in my time and never found them again and those three or four hours are among those lost things, but where they went and how I mislaid them is still a mystery to me.

I slipped into my boots and other things and after a lunch in the kitchen I got my box of worms and we set out. My guide said we would follow the road for the first three or four miles and he started off to lead the way. That was the time when I found out what kind of a stride he had and besides that, he had the best of me because he knew every rock there was in the road and was not so liable to stub his toes; I shall know them all if I ever go there again for I was introduced to each and every one of them. At length I had to tell him that while I was eager to get to fishing and had come a long way to do it and was also hungry for exercise and all that sort of thing, I did not propose to be in such a hurry as to set fire to the road by the friction from my feet; that if he would come down home with me I would walk the soles of his shoes off him for a wager but that just then I wanted to get a chance to breathe occasionally and look at the scenery and things as we went along and would be glad to have him throw off the clutch and pull the low speed lever if it was all the same to him.

And I told the truth about wanting to see the scenery and things for they were worth looking at. As dawn

came on the angels went about the skies picking up the tiny stars and putting them to bed, drawing over them a coverlet of gauze tinted with all the hues of the opal; the trees on either side put off their weird and fantastic shapes and no longer looked like the horrible monsters one conjures up in his dreams; the granite boulders in the fields stood out boldly and ceased to resemble sheeted spirits of evil. All the world had been asleep; we had heard no sound save our own footfalls, the dismal croaking of some lonely bird of the night and the mournful chorus of a colony of frogs in some distant marsh, but now every little bush had its song bird chanting a hymn to its Maker and every bit of stone wall by the roadside had its tiny squirrel running along the top and keeping us company with its chatter. Every blade of grass had a drop of dew at the tip shining like a diamond in the first rays of the morning sun; daisies and buttercups colored both sides of the road and to the right and left and in front and behind as far as the eye could reach, rose hill after hill, the sides clad in garments of living green of every shade, now bright and gay where the sunlight fell upon them and now somber and dark where they still lay buried in the shadows of the night before. It made me happy and when I am happy I want to talk, so I asked my guide if he knew that there were thousands of men and women in the vast city where I lived who had never heard that glorious thing, the bird choir singing its anthem of praise on a summer morning; who would not know a hawk from a hay stack and whose only knowledge of dew

was found in their golden rule "do others before they get a chance to do you." I told him about those people and how their idea of a forest was two trees and a park bench and the highest peak on their sky line was the Woolworth Building. I sat on a stone by the side of the road while I was telling him all these things, not to rest but because I could collect my thoughts better that way. He listened to me gravely for about ten minutes and then said that while he got a great deal of pleasure and a trifle of information out of what I was saying, if I wanted to get to the brook and back again that same day it would be a good idea to arise and walk, so I arose and walked.

Presently, which in this case means about two hours, we got to a place where we left the road and entered the primeval forest. I use the term because it seems to be the right one and because I have seen it in the books of other well-known authors when they want to refer to a lot of trees and so far as I am able to judge from what I have read of their works, the bigger the trees the more primeval they are. These I speak of were very large and as primeval as any I know of and their shade was very grateful to the senses. The sun had climbed over the top of the highest range of hills before we left the highway and I had become a trifle warm when we entered that cool, shady wood so I sat down on a stump to enjoy it all. The trees were bare of branches for many feet from the ground but their tops were so thick with foliage that all below lay in a dim shadow like that of twilight. Under my feet was a soft, moist carpet of

pine needles, in my nostrils was the pungent odor of the sweet fern and in my ears the soft sighing of the wind through the tree tops. It filled me with delight; all nature was in harmony and I thought it was up to me to add a little harmony myself. They say that a man is a good deal like a tea kettle, which always sings when it is full; I was full, of joy, and so I began to warble in a fine tenor voice that beautiful hymn "I am bound for the land of Canaan" and was doing it quite well, as I thought, when my guide butted in again and said that he did not care a rap where I was bound for but my chances of getting wherever it was were mighty slim if I did not go any faster than I had been going all that morning, which I took to be a hint that he had no ear for good music and to humor him I started on again. I needed all my breath for other things so I did not try to argue the matter, I only told him that I thought my chances were as good as those of a certain person not a thousand miles off who did not know the difference between one mile and ten, or if he did, could not tell the truth about it if he tried, and also—but that is as far as I got for just then the toe of one of my submarines caught on a log and I fell over it, the log of course, not the submarine, and my talk was turned into other channels. My guide listened to what I had to say while I picked myself up and got together all of my property, then he said something to the effect that he hoped the recording angel was off duty that morning or at any rate that he had cotton in his ears. I let him have the last word for I have learned not to argue on either of

two subjects, shorthand systems and religion.

At last we arrived at the brook. We had walked for over an hour since we left the road, up hill and down dale and at length we came to a little run, high up among the craigs and peaks and in the midst of this dell flowed the brook clean and clear as cut glass, now rushing and roaring over big boulders, now flowing quietly over a shelf of rock or a sandy bed and now resting at the foot of some huge cliff in a wide pool; it was in the shade of the ferns on the bank of such a pool or beneath the patches of foam which floated on its surface that I knew I would find the finny tribe I was in search of. It was good to look at and I was glad to be there for more reasons than one. My guide gave me some ideas as to the general lay of the land and the course of the brook and said he would leave me there while he went down stream a mile or two, he would then fish down; I was to fish down also and he would wait for me where we were to start for home at a place where the traveled road made its first crossing over the stream; then he went away.

He was not much given to talk, in fact he had said little or nothing during our walk except the few words I have quoted from his lips, but he was company and when his tall form was lost to sight in the brush and I could no longer hear the crunch of the dead leaves under his feet I began to feel more or less primeval myself and very lonely and solemn and sad with no company but my thoughts and my tackle, my worms and my lunch. I took a glance at my pedometer and found we

had walked twenty-seven miles but I did not look at it when we started and maybe it was not set at zero at that time. Then I got ready for work; there was a huge slanting shelf of rock hanging over the stream at the place where my guide left me and I crawled down upon it on hands and knees and peeped over. Never was there a more likely place for the prize I was after. At the base of the rock some five or six feet below me was a broad pool, I could not tell how deep it was but it was so deep that I could not see the bottom, a pool which had been hollowed out between the rocks by a cascade that came leaping down from above. I could have spent hours just looking at it but my way has always been to put business before pleasure so I went back and got my worm box took out a worm and impaled it on the hook and then put the box back in my pocket without the cover so that I could the more easily get at my bait as occasion required. It was so solemn and still in that vast woody expanse that I began to question if it were not a sin to stick a hook into an innocent worm and to wonder if it hurt him as much as it would hurt me to be trussed up in that same style. He wiggled of course, but that was no answer to my question for he had wiggled when I took him out of the box; he was always wiggling.

Then I got out my pipe and filled and lighted it and crept out on that rock on hands and knees again and dropped my hook over the edge and into the pool below. I did not have to wait long for a reply from the other end of the line; I heard the bait strike the water and

then there was a sharp tug, the reel buzzed and I gave a jerk. I had him all right, there was no doubt at all about that and I had him to such a degree that he landed up in the top of the nearest tree and my line was tangled about a limb. It was annoying for that tree was too small to climb and too large to bend and while I was getting ready to do something the trout was busy on his own account and at last managed to break off about a foot of my line and with it in his mouth he dropped back with a loud splash into the hole he came out of.

There was no one else to talk to so I said some few things to myself and then set about trying to get what was left of my line out of that tree. I stood up and walked down the sloping edge of that rock and reached for the branch about which the line was wound; that was a mistake for the rock was slimy with moss and spray and my feet went out from under me and I sat down. There was nothing to take hold of and I began to slide and kept on sliding until there was no place left to slide on and then I dropped, like the trout, into the pool six feet below. A little while before I had been trying to guess how deep that pool was but I did not have to guess any more, I knew; it was just up to my neck and the water was cold, very cold; I did not know before how cold water could be in midsummer. It was an ideal bath tub if I could only have found the hot water faucet, but I could not and so I did not stay there very long. I do not know how I got back on top of that rock but I did it and am proud of it for it must have been quite a feat. My boots were full of water to the

top, which means to my waist, so I untied them and took them off and emptied them.

And now I want to ask you a very simple question, one which I wish you to answer fairly and candidly, yes or no, just the same as if I asked you to lend me a dollar. Suppose I should tell you that in one of those boots I found the trout that I had lifted out of the water and up into the tree and that I knew it was the same fish because he still had my hook in his jaw and a piece of my line hanging from his mouth, would you believe me or would you not? I do not like to feel that anyone doubts my word and so I do not come right out and tell you in so many words that I did empty that trout out of one of those boots but I appeal to your good sense and as man to man I ask you if the chain of circumstances is not complete and no link weak or missing? Men have been hanged on less evidence. First there is the pool and you have my word for it that it was there at the foot of that rock as I have stated it to be; then there is the fish which I take my solemn oath I saw with my own eyes hanging for a time from the top of the tree and then dropping back into that pool, taking my hook and a part of my line with him; then there is my boot full of water which could not have come from anywhere else and which I assure you came out of that very pool. All these facts ought to be enough to convince the most skeptical and I ask you again if I have not made out a case that should cause even the most stubborn of juries to render a verdict in my favor? I feel that I have done so, that you must agree with me and that I need not

refer to the matter again; there is no room for argument so far as I can see and I must hasten on because there are other and more serious matters to relate.

I was wet, very wet, from top to toe, but that was something which could be remedied in time; I could take off my clothes and spread them out on the rock to dry, but there was something far worse than that, I had lost my bait. I had put the box in my side pocket before I took my bath and now on looking over the edge of the rock I could see the fish in big schools fighting for that bait. The sun was now so high that its rays shone into the pool and I could see the bottom; the whole place was just alive with fish mostly fat ones and growing fatter every minute as they gulped down the contents of my box of worms. There were enough trout in that hole to have filled my basket three times and some to spare. I had not supposed there were so many fish in the whole brook and may I never bait another hook if every thief in the lot did not turn over on his side and wag his tail and wink at me each time he grabbed a new worm. As a rule I can stand a good deal of abuse and not lose my temper but I never before realized the poverty of the English language for I could not find words to say the things I wanted to say.

There was no use crying over spilled milk so I crawled back up to my perch and took off my outer garments and spread them on the rock with my boots to dry and after stowing my rod away in a safe place I ate my lunch and lay down, using my empty basket for a pillow. The brook made an opening between the

trees, the sun was shining in warm and pleasant and I soon began to drowse and finally was lost in the land of dreams.

At first I was in my office and it seemed as if some one was knocking at the door; then it came to me that it was only my secretary tapping the keys of her machine and that I must have been napping at my desk. I opened my eyes but shut them again for I could not seem to remember having planted that tall pine in the office and yet it seemed perfectly natural that it should be there and the machine must be somewhere in its branches for the click of the keys still sounded in my ears. Very slowly my senses took up their work once more and at last I realized where I was. I could still hear the clicking, it was there sure enough, but it was only a red-headed woodpecker tapping the trunk of a dead birch just back of me and I turned and looked at him with the dull curiosity of a half-awakened mind. I do not know how long I had slept but I was fairly dry now and the warm sun felt so nice that I was too lazy to stir. I could just see over the edge of the rock and down into the pool where I had taken my plunge; the big fish had eaten all my worms and lay at the bottom while the little ones were swimming about near the top hunting for stray crumbs from the feast. As I looked a gleam of light green shot out from under the edge of the bank, for all the world like a torpedo in shape and speed, and it went straight for the mark aimed at, one of the smaller fish. It was a pike about nine or ten inches long and in a moment it was slowly swimming

back to its hiding place with its victim in its jaws. There was nothing new in it, it was but the old story of the big fish eating the little ones and for a moment I felt rather pleased because it seemed to me to be a just and proper revenge, for the smaller fish had gobbled down some of my worms without a doubt. Then a streak of blue was reflected in the water as in a mirror; it poised an instant and then dipped into the pool and out again and perched on a twig not ten feet away from me; it was a kingfisher and it had another of those small fish in its beak and I kept still and watched it until it flew away to its nest to feed its young. Hardly were its wings lost to sight in the foliage when my attention was drawn to a dark object creeping among the roots which hung over the edge of the pool; when it reached an open place I saw it was a mink, black as coal, its long, sleek and slender body was twining stealthily in and out and it too, was in search of its dinner. It dropped silently into the water and was gone for an instant and when it reappeared it had that pike in its mouth and after standing motionless for a moment it turned and went into a hole in the bank; it was the door to its dwelling and it had carried home its prize to feed a numerous family.

Then I turned my eyes upward and sitting on a branch almost over my head was an owl that had seen the mink no doubt and was watching me as well as he could in the sunlight; he never moved a feather but sat there blinking at me and looking as if he were thinking things about me which were not at all to my liking.

And now the little birds began to hop from twig to twig about me, coming from I know not where and looking down at the pool once more I saw both the mink and kingfisher again on the lookout for additions to their larder while gliding on the top of the water was a large water snake; it was not after fish but was slowly making its way toward a wren that had come down to the edge of the water to drink. When I first entered the wood and in fact all the time I had been there until now, I had seen no sign of life; the timid people of the forest had heard my footsteps and each had kept silent and still in his secret haunt but the place was alive now and save the owl nothing knew that I was on the watch. This thought went through my brain when all at once there was quiet again. The kingfisher had disappeared, the mink was gone, no note of bird was to be heard and not a sign of a feather was to be seen. What was the reason? I turned a trifle on my rock and not five yards away stood a fox looking me squarely in the face with an inquiring glance, not so much of fear as of curiosity, as much as to say, "I have lived here all my life and never seen anything to be afraid of; I wonder what you are and if it is time for me to get away from here?" Then he got away, not in a hurry but with a soft-footed tread that made no sound; where he went I do not know but he vanished as if into thin air and I was alone, all but the owl.

Do you know what was my first thought? It was that I had seen no new thing, nothing that I could not see any day by glancing out of my office window or by

looking into the depths of that crowded pool which we call the "City." There are human kingfishers everywhere hovering over the business world, ready to dart in at any time and snatch whatever lies handy and fly off with it to their nests. There are minks all about us, hiding their slim sleek bodies in out-of-the-way places but always on the alert to take advantage of anyone who shows a bit of weakness or has to swim near shore. There are snakes in all walks of life, slimy and sinuous, crawling through the byways and ready to strike at any man's reputation if thereby they can gain a dollar. And there are owls, sober and solemn, sitting on every limb of the tree of life, aping the wisdom they do not possess, blinking in the bright light of the sun and waiting until it is dark to take their parts in life's tragedy. Everywhere the weakest have to go to the wall, it is always a case of the big fish eating the little ones, all summed up in the closing sentence of that sermon of yesterday. "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, amen!"

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